

*This exceedingly rare Ballad I believe to be Unique; it has not
that I am aware of, been reprinted. Purchased it of Mr. Andrews, Bookseller,
George Daniel, Canterbury, October 1847... Bristol...*

News from Frost-Fair, Upon the River of Thames.

Being a Description of the BOOTHS, TENTS, Accomodations, Frolicks,
Sports and Humours, of those Innumerable Crowd's of Resorters; the like never
Before Published.

To the Tune of, *Come from the Temple to the Bed, &c.*



NOt many years ago
There fell a mighty Snow,
And Houses were built of the same,
In Cabbing to Cold
Woe Liquors were Sold,
Where for Robbery sake many came,
But Eighty three may boast,
There wa't was such a Frost,
In the Memory of any man alive,
Thousands on the River throng,
And many safely march along,
From Kingston upon Thames, to Queen-Hive.

The Watermen who ply,
And were used to cry,
Next Seuller. next Dags, or next Boat,
Have Built Houses where,
They did pass with their fare,
And also have changed their Pace,
Joe will you drink a Dram,
Kind Sir or you Wadain,
Walk in, here's good Room and good Fire,
Aldo Brandy, Ale, or Wine,
Or be pleas'd to Sup and Win
Here is all you can wish or desire.

1683/4

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Come Let's repair,
To the Thames there's a fair,
For one who e'er knew the like before,
On the Ice is a Town
Which till now was never known,
Built in Streets quite from Hoze unto Hoze;
Our Merryes, Skulls and Darg,
Must live on the Shozes,
While in Tents on the Ice we remain,
Selling Brandp and Ale,
'Tis no matter for a Gale,
Till the Thames clear of Ice be again.

The Seaman outward bound,
Lays his Ship on the Ground,
Or within some good Harbour of Dock,
And there it must remain,
'Till the Ice is gon again,
'Tis as good as a Key and a Lock,
No work can be done,
Lets a Hoze every one,
No Occasion for the Coxwain an's crew,
Then above bridge let us go,
And drink a Ham of two,
With our masts Mares the Red coats and Hets.

While some go a Broad,
Both in field and in Road,
With their Guns like Birds to destroy,
And others here and there,
Do track the harnlets hare,
And the Concoys do couzen and decoy,
Let us to the Thames,
On whose frozen streams,
Strange intentions for pastime is made,
There is Bak'd, Boyl'd, and Roast,
What e're we fancy most,
Ready well piping hot to be had.

Here is Tom the Carman,
And with him a Spareman,
Hav'ing set up his Cart and his Hoyses,
His Wheels he has broke,
Both Axle-Tree and Spoke,
Better play then to work with such losses;
The Channels are so froze,
That he cannot drawe
Without the Main strength of a Team,
Then away Let's be gone,
Get up Bayard, Buck and Roan,
And to Wynding let's go on the River.

Where shall we go?
To the Booth here below,
Or the Sign of the Flying-chamber-pot,
I do not greatly care,
Why then let us walk in here,
I intend for to spend an Old Goat,
My Grandam us'd to say,
Against a Rainy day,
Lay by such a Sum in a Post,
But for all her Gay head,
I do find as much need,
To provide one against a hard frost.

See here comes Nan,
That sold fish at the Swan,
And Nell that sold Herbs at the Crown,
No Oysters nor Sprats
But at Excessive Rates,
Which no Wellels, but Carts bring to Town;
Then since neither Nan nor Nell
Can have Ware for to Sell,
Let us take them with us on the Ice,
And we'll be as Merry there,
As at Bartholmew-Fair,
I am sure never a one of them is Rice.

Here's Pinquins Let's play,
To pass the Time away,
He hold you a Rubbers of two,
'Tis done let it be,
So first I am thine,
Or no more but a Tip and a go;
That is the best sport,
Our Time being short,
Then bring for the Rubbers tother Pat,
I am most, you have lost,
Take your money in fine Host,
You are welcome all's paid, is it not.

To finish my Song,
I do wish them no wrong,
Yet I wish that the Ice were away,
Though some do supply,
Their Families thereby,
Yet others it brings to decay,
I was glad when I saw,
The Weas her like to thaw,
'Twill be hard for the poor shouldst hold,
And when the Season's warm,
Who wishes for a Storm,
Or desires to be frozen wi' Cold.

Printed for I Wright, I Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Pallingier.